DART ANNUAL

The Dart

Nineteen Hundred *and* Twenty

Commencement Number

Published by

THE SENIOR CLASS OF A. H. S.

ASHTABULA, OHIO

Dedication

TO MISS MARY CASE

Our history teacher, whose powers of story-telling, enriched
by her keen sense of humor and her varied experiences,
have made her classes both interesting and profitable,
and have won for her, her place in the hearts of
the students of Ashtabula High School, we
dedicate this Annual of nineteen-twenty

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THE DART STAFF

CLASS OFFICERS

CECIL GODDARD
President

HELEN DAVIS
Vice President

RUTH DAY
Secretary

ROBERT JENKINS
Treasurer

HONOR ROLL
(Four Years)

1. Grace Sharpe
2. Berryl Brash, Elizabeth Brock
3. Louise Lyons
4. George Raser
5. Helen Davis
6. Cecil Goddard
7. Margaret Cross
8. Gertrude Maynard
9. Mildred Bottorf
10. Martha Castle

Historian ..... Cecil Goddard
Poet ..... Albert Lewis
Prophet ..... Elizabeth Blakeslee
Orator ..... Ruth Day

CLASS YELL

Y—E—A!
Let's Go!
1—9—2—0.

The Senior Class of 1920

Honor Roll of Senior Year

ALKULA, JENNIE
BRASH, BERRYL
BURCH, HELEN
CROSS, MARGARET
DAVIS, HELEN
FORTUNE, GENEVIEVE
LYONS, LOUISE
RASER, GEORGE
SHARPE, GRACE
SYLER, RICHARD

JENNIE MARIA ALKULA

"A woman convinced against her will,
Is of the same opinion still."

FRITZ ANDERSON

"There is mischief in this man."

KATHLEEN BENTLEY

"Always foremost in the ranks of fun."

ELIZABETH BLAKESLEE

"A ready tongue, a ready wit,
We love her all the more for it."

MILDRED BOTTORF

"Nothing is impossible to a willing mind."

BERRYL BRASH

"The trick of singularity."

ELIZABETH D. BROCK

"Good sense, which is the gift of heaven."

WILMER BROWN

"A true friend is she."

HELEN BURCH

"To thine own self be true."

LILLIAN BURTON

"Life would be very dull without her."

CLARE BURLINGHAM

"He that wants should not be bashful."

MILDRED CARLSON

"Pleasant and jovial is she."

HARRY CASTLE

"An island surrounded by girls."

MARTHA CASTLE

"A happy girl of right good will,
Her dancing feet were never still."

BURDETTE CHAPMAN

"I am the only one of my friends that I can rely upon."

CLARK CHENEY

"A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

ANTHONY J. CLEMENT

"Thus let me live, unseen, unknown."

VERA CORCORAN

"She is as sweet as she is fair."

ETHEL COUP

"Sweet, neat, and quite petite."

WILFORD COX

"Something between a help and a hinderance."

MARGARET CROSS

"The rarest ability of being constantly herself."

WARD CROSS

"Don't tell me of a man's being able to talk sense. Every man can talk sense; can he talk nonsense?"

MARY ALICE CURTISS

"Too conscientious, and so responsive to the call of duty."

HELEN DAVIS

"Not quantity, but quality."

MABEL DAVIS

"A lass light-hearted and content."

RUTH DAY

"It is always the one who is busiest who has time for an extra task."

FRANCIS FARRELL

"An all 'round good fellow."

MARY FARROW

"She knows what's what."

EDMUND J. FITZGERALD

"I know it is a sin,
For me to sit and grin;
But I just love to."

LYLE FORTNEY

"A kinder gentleman treads not the earth."

GENEVIEVE FORTUNE

"'Miss Fortune' is the only untrue thing about her."

CAROLYN FRABUTT

"There's one modest and kind."

JOHN FRARY

"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

ESTHER GILL

"Fiddle and I."

GLADYS GILLEN

"A continual cheerfulness is a sign of wisdom."

CECIL GODDARD

"Slats is his name,
Business is his game."

MILDRED GOODIEL

"Her hobbies are dancing and hairdressing."

HILDA GRONQUIST

"She is wise, if I may judge her; she is fair, if mine eyes be true."

AMOS HALL

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more'."

HERBERT E. HARMON

"Oh, what would be rarer under the sun,
Than for Herbert to come to school—alone?"

TREVA-MARIE HARRIS

"Dont forget the Marie, please!"

PAUL HILLIER

"In arguing too, he surely owns much skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

LOWES HILLYER

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."

DOROTHY HUBBARD

"A friend, most true and jolly."

ROBERT JENKINS

"What is work, and what have I to do with it?"

LEMPI JOHNSON

"Little we know what she thinks or dreams."

ANGELA KANE

"A little bit of sunshine."

PAULINE KIESTER

"'K' stands for kindnesses which others leave undone."

ALBERT LEWIS

"If inches make a man, Albert is a god."

NORMAN LUKE

"I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none."

LOUISE LYONS

"Those who bring sunshine to the hearts of others, cannot keep it from themselves."

WILLIAM MacKENZIE

"He all may do, that has by man been done."

DANIEL MADDEN

"Watch me! I'll surprise you yet."

AGNES MANN

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."

GEORGE MANTELL

"Words do not make the man."

MABEL MARRO

"Ready in heart, ready in hand."

GERTRUDE MAYNARD

"Ever level and ever true
To the toil and the task that I have to do"

RUTH F. METCALF

"She has true artistic genuis."

HELEN MOMEYER

"Giggle, giggle, all the day,
Till from my classroom I'm shown away."

HOWARD R. MULLIN

"Men of few words are the best."

WINIFRED PARKER

"Paris might long for as fair a model."

ROY PEARSON

"And Vulcan in his caverns deep,
Wrought not more cunningly than he."

FRANK G. POWELL

"I am sure that care's an enemy to life."

LOIS PRINDLE

"Her soft brown eyes would calm a tiger's ire."

J. L. OGDEN

"What e'er I do, what e'er I say,
You may rest assured, I'll have my way."

AGNES QUIGLEY

"Give me leave to speak my mind."

LEMPI RANTANEN

"She was jes' the quiet kind,
Whose natur's never vary."

GEORGE RASER

"Art and knowledge bring bread and honor."

JAY REED

"For he's a jolly good fellow."

LUCINDA H. RICE

"Genius is mainly an affair of energy."

PERCY RIGDEN

"And so the mystic bond between the twins —did I tell you they were twins— prevailed."

SIDNEY RUSSACK

"Life is short and so am I"

MILDRED SCOVIL

"A nice little girl, with a quiet little way."

NADINE SEIBERT

"Music hath charms—she hath both music and charms."

RALPH BOYD SHARER

"One never loses anything by politeness."

GRACE SHARPE

"For learning hath she in abundance."

HARVEY SHEPPARD

"From the crown of his hcad to the sole of his feet, he is all mirth."

DALE SHUART

"Woman's crowning glory is her hair."

FLORENCE SMITH

"With gentle, yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course."

MILDRED SMITH

"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

OLIVE SMITH

"Vanity, thy name is woman."

SWEA SODERGREN

"If e'er she knew an evil thought,
She spoke no evil word."

CHARLES SWIFT

"Bid me discourse, for much I have observed."

RICHARD SYLER

"He thinks too much; such men are dangerous."

CHARLES ALLEN THATCHER

"He has a stern look, but a gentle heart."

NED WALRATH

"Methinks there is reason in his sayings."

C. LAWRENCE WATROUS

"There is language in his eye, his cheek, his lip."

ROY M. WEAVER

"His wisdom is not in proportion to his height."

MARIAN WESTCOTT

"A friend to friend; how kind to all."

DORIS WILCOX

"I know but one; to dash against mine enemy and to win."

AGNES WITTICH

"Her ability is not so tiny as her voice."

GABRIELLA WOOD

"Always 'Gay'."

JOSEPH FRIEDELL

"A dillor, a dollar, a very late scholar."

FREDERICK REED

"In encyclopedias he burrows, and always reappears with a joke."

In Memoriam

FRED NILES

Killed in action, November, 1918

LOUISE WILLIAMS

Died August 11, 1919
Age 17 years, June 30, 1919

ALVIN WOODARD

Died May 31, 1919
Age 17 years, February 22, 1919

Class Song

RUTH METCALF

(Amherst College Song)

We're the class of 1920, and we're 'most a hundred strong,
We are ready to leave A. H. S.
We have done our work right faithfully; we go to meet the throng
In the wide world that beckons to us.
We're loyal to our high school; we know that she's "all right",
And yet now we are glad that we are through.
For we want to work and fight, to strive with all our might,
On the Peak of Fame, we'll nail our colors true.

Chorus:

Oh Seniors, we're Seniors,
You may know us by our colors green and white.
May they never be lowered,
May we ever keep them glowing clear and bright.

We are leaving fast behind us memories of happy hours,
Life's strong current's bearing us away.
We are wond'ring, we are seeking from the clairvoyant powers
The next port that we'll make on our way.
We don't care whether far or near but all that we demand,
Is that we have a chance to prove "true blue."
For we'll strive with heart and hand and all our loyal band,
On the Peak of Fame, we'll nail our colors true.

Class Poem

ALBERT LEWIS

No school shall ever seem so dear,
As our old "A. H. S."
Oh, how she strove to place us,
On the road they call "Success."

Yes, four long years have vanished,
Tho now they seem but one,
Since the high school course now ended,
So cheerily was begun.

Our teachers all deserve our thanks,
Their help to us they've given,
As with our work and with our pranks,
They patiently have striven.

O students we leave behind us!
We hail you as we go,
With hearty wish for all success
From the class 1—9—2—0.

Our knowledge, gained by work and thought,
Has a value still untold,
While the friendships made thru these four years,
Are worth much more than gold.

Here's to our school and teachers,
May you ever "Serve the State",
Three cheers for our Alma Mater,
From those who graduate.

Class History

CECIL GODDARD

In the fall of 1916, one hundred and eighty-seven green little apprentice seamen signed up with the good ship A. H. S. All wanted to become officers. Half thought that the Commercial course was the shortest path and half thought that the Latin Course was the way to success. Captain Townsend was Master of the ship at that time but before a month had passed, he was transferred and Captain Thalman installed in his place. Miss Perry Miss Church, Miss Sharer, and Mr. Rogers were the officers in charge of our quarters. Under their careful guidance, we became accustomed to the many new and strange things we encountered.

A meeting was held early in the voyage and green and white were adopted as our class colors. Several of our number served at the non-commissioned officers' banquet in May, and there learned some of the rudiments of social life on board the A. H. S. Then came examinations. A few of us were advised to try again in some of our undertakings, but most of us came through with colors flying and happily accepted a three months' furlough.

In September the most of us came back to the ship ready to begin work as able seamen. Captain Thalman was still in charge of the ship and remained during this entire year. We had a fine party in the hold of the old ship and all of us enjoyed ourselves. Several of our members were on the various athletic teams and helped to bring glory to the A. H. S. in the form of four fine banners. Many were also on the honor list. Examination time again came and again a few were dropped from the roll.

In the fall of 1918, one hundred and twenty of us were back with the ship. Captain Thalman handed in his resignation and Captain Mitchell was put in charge. That winter a great enemy of humanity, Influenza, attacked the country. The battle raged so hard that it necessitated the abandonment of the ship for awhile. When finally we came aboard again, we had to work furiously to catch up to our standard. In the spring we had a party similar to the one of the year before. Then we entertained the Senior Petty Officers at a large, elaborate party where everybody had a very good time. Later we joined the other members of the crew on shore leave at Woodland Park, where a great picnic was held.

In the fall of our last year, one hundred of us were still with the ship, expecting to put the finishing touches on our training as officers in the Navy of Education. We managed the ship's

log, the Dart, during this last period, and tried hard to make it a success, though the work was tremendous after the loss of our faithful friend and advisor, Mrs. Morton. Two athletic banners were added to the number in the ship's trophy room, by teams composed largely of our boys and girls. We had a party in the spring with much dancing and feasting. The Junior Petty Officers entertained us at a party in May, which was greatly enjoyed by all who attended. Now as we are nearing the end of our four years, and Commencement time is approaching, when we will receive our commissions, we can look back and feel that we have done our duty to our ship and to ourselves, and in doing it we have had some of the most pleasant experiences of our lives.

Friends

Under a bright and starry sky,
Two old friends wandered on their way,
Talking of good times, all gone by,
When they were happy, carefree and gay.

One was a man well known to all,
The other his friend, not known at all,
Both had started together in school,
Where they had learned the golden rule.

Their thoughts went back to the old swimming hole,
Of their barefoot days, with rod and pole,
Oh! those were the days when health held sway,
And happy hours were whiled away.

—C. A. M.

Class Prophecy

ELIZABETH BLAKESLEE

Charon, the ferryman of renown, was slowly cruising along the river Styx, when hearing my call, he piloted his boat toward the shore and invited me to ride. I had lately left the realm above. Since I was curious to visit the countries of the Underworld, Pluto had given me a pass. As it happened, I was the only passenger and Charon was inclined to be talkative.

"Ha!" he chuckled, "I've had some curious passengers today. Why, early this morning a —but perhaps you are not interested?" he broke off.

Hating to spoil his pleasure, and finding the scenery along the way very much like that of the Upperworld, except of course for the reddish tint, I urged him to continue.

"Well," Charon began, "Early this morning a gay young man, in a striped suit boarded my boat. He had the presumption of Bob Jenkins in English Class! Slapping me on the back he announced in loud tones that he was Harry Castle. I gathered from his conversation that he, of all men in the United States had been chosen for his great powers of oratory, to sell books in the Underworld. He tried to sell me a set of 'Funeral Orations' in twenty-six volumes. I did not buy them however for—"

Here the narrative was interrupted by a strange sound which reached our ears. It seemed to come from the shore, and after a hurried glance, I perceived a girl walking along the shore. Upon nearer approach she proved to be Ruth Day, who, like Demosthenes of old, was trying to hear herself talk above the roar of the waves of the sea. As Styx is a calm river this was not difficult. It seems she was preparing for a welcome home speech, to be given on the occasion of Richard Syler's inauguration as President of the United States.

"At the next point of punishment," continued Charon after our curiosity about Ruth's activities had been satisfied, "four people came aboard. They all seemed to be talking at once, and for several moments I could make nothing of their conversation. At last, when I did get a word in edgewise, I inquired their names and their business. They were respectively: Lempi Johnson, George Mantell, Carolyn Frabutt, and John Frary. They were arguing the momentous question as to whether or not a Bolshevik can always be distinguished by his beard. This discussion proved most interesting, but suddenly my attention was distracted from the argument by a book which had been dropped by one of the passengers. I picked it up and began to read. The title was 'If The

World Is Round How Can It Come to an End?' by Frederick Reed. It was a book of great logic and interest. The book was dedicated, I noted, to Agnes Quigley, captain of the Pink Sox Baseball Team. It described some wonderful experiments and observations made by two famous scientists, Roy Weaver and Ned Walrath.

"A paper had fallen out of the book, and I picked it up and examined it. It was a neat advertisement put out by Clark Cheney, to the effect that at last a wonderful powder had been concocted, called 'Stammer Stopper,' that did all that its name implies. Quite a useful powder, I thought, one that would be greatly appreciated by English students in their Literary Digest work."

Here Charon seemed to become lost in thought. I waited a few minutes and after a little prompting he continued: "Then I had one other passenger this morning, a fellow who called himself Lion Jenkins. I distinctly remember that when he journeyed with me once before, he called himself Bob Jenkins, and was a good sport. It seems, however, that his brother discovered the formula of an intoxicating drink, made without alcohol, and the family has since became famous. Lion is quite fat, and is engaged, I understand, to the daughter of a rich cheese manufacturer."

"How interesting!" I exclaimed, "I used to know Bob. But do tell me of some of your other passengers."

"Well," responded Charon, "Of course if you're interested. I find my job amusing at times. For instance, yesterday, I carried on the same trip Lawrence Watrous andMildred Carlson. It seems that young Watrous learned of a new language used by the natives of an island off the coast of Chile. He translated a few of our best novels into this language. The natives were so thankful for some light reading that they made Lawrence one of their gods, and would have put him on a pedestal and made sacrifices to him, had he not fled to the Underworld for safety.

"Mildred Carlson, who, I hear, is giving Spencer a hard race for his honors in writing, was interested in Professor Watrous' accomplishment and the two were deep in a debate as to which of them was doing the nobler work for the betterment of mankind. It was exciting, I can tell you.

"But say!" Charon interrupted his story, "I had forgoten something." The shades have imported some humans to put on a show for their amusement this afternooon. What say we go?"

I was delighted. This promised to be even more amusing than Charon's story telling. We soon reached the Amusement Park for Well-behaved Shades. There was a large company gathered here, and we were 'way back. Shades are transparent however, so we had little difficulty in seeing what was going on.

The first number of the program was a speech entitled, "There are Shades and Shades." This was spoken by Kathleen Bentley, to the soft play-

ing of a well-known melody, "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," beautifully rendered by Jennie Alkula. As she was about to leave the stage, Miss Bentley slipped on the shade of a banana peel, seriously wrenching her ankle. Dr. Ward Cross came to the rescue and Miss Bentley seemed better immediately.

The Dance of the Nymphs was next executed by Olive Smith and her group of graceful dancers. Their names were not announced, but one by one, I recognized Agnes Wittich, Nadine Seibert, Gladys Gillen, Helen Momeyer, Winifred Parker, Pauline Kiester and Angela Kane.

A short piece, very humorous, was greatly applauded by the shades. I easily recognized the speaker as Edmund Fitzgerald.

A tragedy was next staged, entitled "Will Willie Break the Will?" The part of the dying uncle was taken by Endicott Landmesser. His was only a passing part, though. Willie, the hero, beautifully played by Al Lewis, was indeed a charming character. He was a poor boy, made fabulously rich by the will of his uncle. Yet, by accepting the money, he made paupers of his three cousins, (parts played by Helen Davis, Elizabeth Brock and Swea Sodergren.) It was an unusually sad play, but the comedians, Amos Hall, Harvey Sheppard, and Ralph Sharer, so amused the people that not a shade of a tear was seen in the audience.

The next hour was given over to the Musical Musicians, Berryl Brash, Lucinda Rice, Herbert Harmon, and George Raser. This was extremely interesting and the musicians later played at the cabaret scene. The latter act was the hit of the day. "The Montefarte of New York," had been copied and beautifully reproduced. Howard Mullin was head waiter, Charles Thatcher and Esther Gill were wonderful in their cabaret dance. Although the names of the other patrons were not mentioned, I recognized among them Norman Luke, Lowes Hillyer, Mildred Goodiel, Lyle Fortney, and Mary Farrow.

The afternoon's entertainment would not have been complete without its acrobats. They were far superior to the common run and among their number were Doris Wilcox, Lillian Burton, Genevieve Fortune, Wilford Cox, Francis Farrell, and Burdette Chapman.

For those more seriously inclined, a debate was being held during this time on the sbject: "Should Shades be allowed to cast Shadows?' The affirmative speakers were Paul Hillier, J. L. Ogden, and Joseph Friedell; negative, Wilmer Brown, Grace Sharpe, and Florence Smith. I did not see this but heard later that the negative won and the shades were so incensed that a fight followed the decision.

The last performance was that of the Lightning Artists: Treva Marie Harris, Mabel Davis, Dorothy Hubbard, Fritz Anderson and Martha Castle. At the close of their marvelous demonstration, the company broke up and we wandered around the

grounds for awhile. To my delight I found that the pink lemonade stand was run by my old friends Mary Curtis, Marion Wescott and Helen Burch. I was deep in conversation with them, when a very stylish person, who seemed strangely familiar, passed us. She was carrying a Pekingese dog, and as she passed us she elevated her nose, and daintily went her way.

She did not speak to me and I probably would never have found out who she was had not my friend Lempi Rantanen, the great suffragette leader, enlightened me. She said it was Dale Shuart, who had married a count, and lived in a castle in France. Reason enough to be stuck up!

As I was walking along, wondering what I should do if I were a countess, someone bumped into me, and for an apology said she was in a hurry to see the side show. It was Mildred Smith and when she learned that I had not seen the show yet, she asked me to come along with her. To my inquiry as to where she had been the last few years, she replied that she, Agnes Mann and Ruth Metcalf, had sailed three years before, as missionaries to Australia. "But," said Mildred, "It was a horrible life. We were lost in a jungle and nearly devoured by lions; we were set afloat on the ocean and nearly drowned, and we were tied to stakes and nearly burned. It was too strenuous a life, and at last Agnes and I returned."

"But what of Ruth?" I queried, anxious to know to which of these horrible misfortunes she had succumbed.

"Oh, she's all right! The last I knew, she was teaching the young heathen to appreciate the morals derived from Horatio Alger's stories."

By this time we had reached a large building. Mildred informed me that the side show was in here and so we started in. At the entrance two men passed us. They both raised their hats and called me by name. I was surprised to discover that they were two of my classmates, Jay Reed and Cecil Goddard. Both had a prosperous look about them. They informed me that they were the business managers of the play, which I had witnessed earlier in the afternoon. I expressed my approval of their management and inquired who had constructed the marvelous building before which we were standing. The plans, I was told, had been submitted by the great architects Anthony Clement, Clare Burlingham and Charles Swift. The building had been erected by Roy Pearson, whose work along these lines had already won him much fame. The inside of the building was beautifully decorated. Mabel Marro and Gertrude Maynard had had charge of the work.

Great amusement seemed to be provoked by the side shows and I hurried along. The first was a Mutt and Jeff comedy staged by Bill MacKenzie and Sidney Russack of the class of '20. I had no trouble recognizing them, even though they were in disguise.

In the next booth or compartment, I was terrified to see three girls handling snakes as unconcerned as if they

had been kittens. They came apparently to no harm and I was relieved at this and admired their bravery. I looked to see their names—Mildred Scovil, Lempi Rantanen and Lois Prindle.

A voice in my ear whispered, "Come and see me." The voice was familiar yet no person was near me. It was several minutes before I discovered that my friend Hilda Gronquist had been trying her ventriloquist powers on me. Hearing cries of, "Right this way; see the strong man!" and "Come and see the Bearded Lady!" I hurried away.

The strong man was wonderful. I distinctly saw him lift thirty-four pounds right up from the ground. My amazement at this feat was still greater when I learned that Frank Powell was the performer. I was standing a few minutes later watching the bearded lady, when a shrill voice cried out in my ear, "It's Daniel Madden, my husband!" The mob was for hanging him on false pretenses, but he related such a pitiful tale of the cruelties of his wife that he was forgiven. Indeed when I left the crowd had already donated a huge sum of money to start a Home for Hen-pecked Husbands. A mild-mannered man in a clergyman's attire was heading the list. Percy Rigden I was told, though I should not have known him.

Here Charon appeared on the scene again and told me that a lunch was to be served, and we must be on our way as it was getting late. A bountiful repast was prepared by the shades of the best cooks in America, Mildred Bottorf, Ethel Coup and Louise Lyons.

There were two after-dinner speakers of great renown. The first was Vera Corcoran who had an illustrated lecture on, "How to look sleepy, yet be wide awake." The other speaker was Margaret Cross, whose humorous speech was entitled, "A Grave Story."

As the band started to play, Charon hurried me away. We traveled back over the river Styx by the light of the shade of the moon.

Little stacks of dollars
Piled all in a row,
Are about enough to take
A girl to a picture show.

Senior Play

RUTH DAY

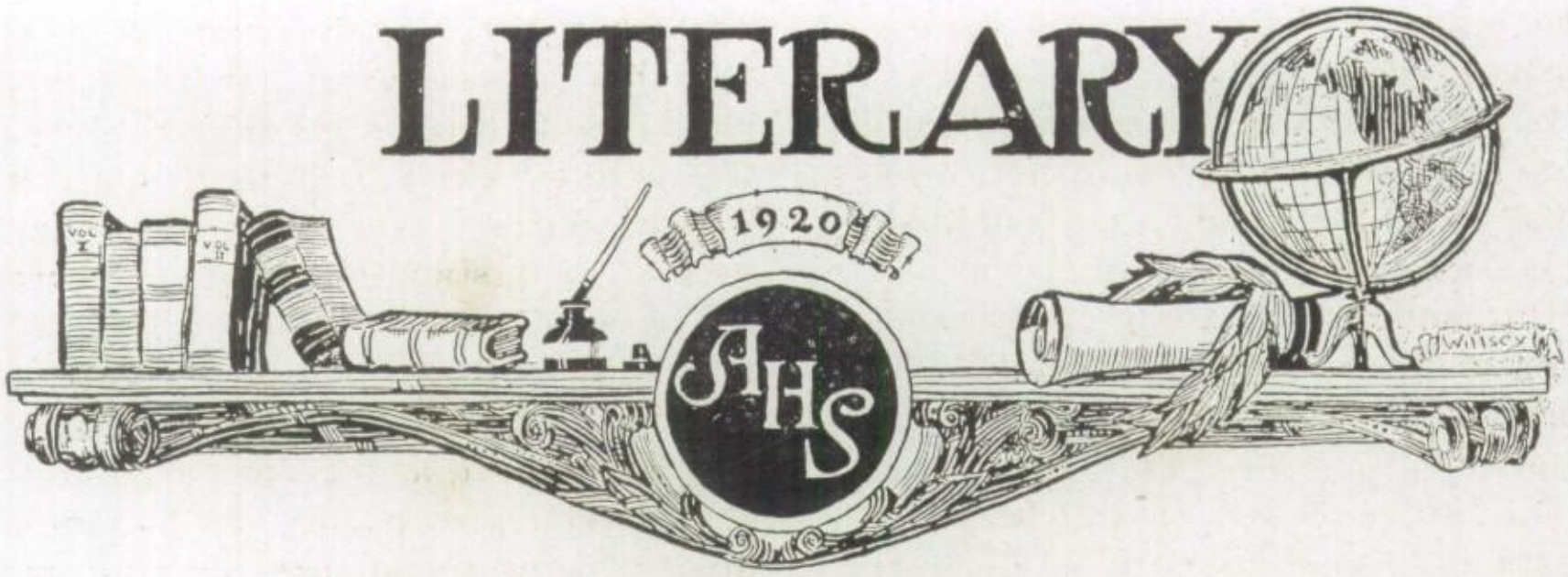
May twenty-first signifies paint, furniture, costumes—in short, a little bit of everything, for on this momentous night certain seniors will be changed into farmers, others into "society swells," and some will even change from Madmoiselle to Madame. But please do not be shocked, it is only for the annual senior play.

"Son John," written by W. A. Stigler, will be given this year. This is a comedy in four acts. It is very funny for everyone except the ones who are in the cast. To them it will be a most serious affair.

There are sixteen characters in the play. The personnel of the cast is as follows:

Hiram Rogers a Southern farmer who has struck oil, Edmund Fitzgerald
Lovey Rogers, his wife ..... Ruth Day
John Rogers, their son, an expert violinist ..... Robert Jenkins
Richard Rogers, their younger son, still green ..... Amos Hall
Jake Lindsley, their neighbor ..... Joseph Friedell
Sofira Lindsley, Jake's wife and boss ..... Winifred Parker
Tiny Lindsley, their daughter ..... Agnes Mann
Wordna Howard, a friend of the family ..... Berryl Brash
Robert Divinney, John's New York friend ..... Ward Cross
Bonnie Burton, Robert's fiancee ..... Doris Wilcox
Geraldine Van Alstyne, John's promised wife ..... Kathleen Bentley
Mrs. Van Alstyne, her mother ..... Martha Castle
Lena Moore, John's secretary ..... Pauline Kiester
Madamoiselle Meruski, John's violin teacher ..... Olive Smith
Waitress in cafe ..... Helen Momeyer
Newsboy ..... Harvey Sheppard
Director, Miss Orphal

In the play, Hiram Rogers, with his wife and son, Dick, leaves the country for "Gay New York," to visit John Rogers a prominent violinist there. While they are in the city, Mrs. Van Alstyne tries to rob them of their oil money. Geraldine, her daughter, who is engaged to John helps her mother in her little scheme, and various complications arise. Of course at the end, the string is all unravelled and everyone lives happily ever after. Hiram and Lovey return to their farm, Dick gets his city girl, John finds that the girl he really loves is Wordna Howard, and Mrs. Van Alstyne and her daughter are found out before they succeed in their plot to steal the oil money. "Pore Tiny" however does not marry "her Dick;" instead she is doomed to find a green, green farmer. And then—the curtain falls.



"Oh Wad Some Power---"

RUTH METCALF

William was bashful—extremely bashful. Indeed, a close observer of his return from school this afternoon might even say that he was incurably so.

He had been striding along, head down and hands in his pockets, whistling a jolly little tune to himself, which gradually increased to a clear, loud whistle as his thoughts carried him far away from Chestnut street.

Suddenly, warned by that subtle intuition which all shy people seem to possess, he glanced up at the house he was just passing. He stopped whistling abruptly, and a slow red surged over his not unhandsome face.

A girl, brown-eyed and brown-haired, with a saucy little tilt to her nose, was laughing at him from the porch.

"You seem happy today, William!" she observed gaily.

"Er—no!—I mean—Yes! How d'y do!" stammered William, as he desperately strode on. He longed, oh, how he longed, to stop and chat with Julia, as all the other high school fellows did! But what was the use? He knew how he would everlastingly shift from one foot to the other; he knew how his hands would increase in size till they were too big for his pockets; even now he felt the hot-cold shivers which would shake him from head to foot if she should, by chance, glance at his brown curly hair that just wouldn't lie smooth.

"Oh, hang it all!" he growled fiercely to himself. "Why can't you act like any other normal fellow? You've got just as many brains as Tom Nelson—and he jokes and laughs with her all the time. You aren't a bit uglier than John Atherton, and he took her to the dance last week!"

William was not boasting—he was stating an acknowledged fact. Thoroughly dispirited, he turned in at his own house.

"And by Jove! you've got just as decent a looking house as any other fellow that goes with her, too!" he stated vehemently. "Then why, you weak-kneed gatepost, should you be afraid to even stop and talk to her?"

In his anger and self-disgust, he shook his fist at the dignified old house. It really was a nice house. Friendly, substantial, many-windowed it stood quietly waiting to welcome all

who might wish to stroll up its iris-bordered walk.

William glanced up at the third story windows where his father, a scientist of no little fame, had established his laboratory. His father was now in the window, bending over something which he held in his hand. The sun's rays flashed brilliantly from the object.

His father looked up and beckoned excitedly. As William raced upstairs, he was still thinking of Julia. "Oh how I wish I knew what she thinks of me! Probably she thinks I'm an awkward gawk—if she thinks of me at all!"

His father was still standing by the window. The object which he was examining proved to be a pair of spectacles, of a rather odd shape. He put them on and felt carefully of the nose piece.

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us——," he quoted, half humorously, half seriously.

"To see ourselves as ithers see us!" finished William, who knew Burns thoroughly.

"Well that applies to these spectacles, try them on," laughed his father.

Great is the power of suggestion! Immediately William remembered his exclamation as he had come up the stairs,—"Oh I wish I knew what she thinks of me!"

His father was still holding out the spectacles. "You're almost a man grown, boy! You ought to know something about my work. What do you think of these?"

William's strange fancy, inspired by Burns, still held him. He would, with these spectacles, "See himself as ithers saw him!" He slipped them on, and suddenly a strange, all-powerful feeling seized him. He was looking at his father, but, very definitely he realized that he was seeing, not his father, but himself through his father's eyes! It was like looking at himself in a full length mirror, yet with the inner eyes of understanding coupled with the outer of material vision. He knew now exactly how his father regarded him, felt about him. He knew now that he was not, as he considered himself, a man grown; he was merely a boy, growing to be sure, yet still far from manhood. He half guiltily removed the glasses. His father glanced at him with a quizzical little smile.

"Well?"

William's blue eyes flashed with amazement.

"Gee dad! They're great! Say, can I take them, just for one day—say till tomorrow?"

His father looked a bit puzzled, "But why—? Well, run along Bill."

William tore down the stairs, obsessed by this new fancy which promised rare entertainment. Now, he'd know what Miss Julia thought of him! Now, he'd know whether or not he'd dare ask her to a dance!"

Outside, on the walk, he carefully adjusted the glasses to his nose, and briskly set off in search of a certain young lady. A sense of adventure held him, and banished his hitherto relentless shyness.

Two boys were approaching. He recognized them as the two boys whom, though high in the favor of Julia, he had always secretly admired. His bashfulness had held him, in seemingly indifferent reserve, from responding to their first advances. Now, as a matter of course, they always passed him with a careless nod. Today however, something in his quick, buoyant step, in his excited glowing face, caught their attention from a distance.

"He's a mighty decent chap," remarked Tom Nelson.

"Wish he'd warm up a little and ask us over tonight. I've heard that he has a peach of a gym fitted up on the second floor at his house."

William saw their friendly faces, and —you may call it what you like, spectacles or intuition— he knew that they were discussing him favorably. As he met the two he stopped, and in a burst of enthusiasm exclaimed, "Oh I say fellows! I just got a new set of boxing gloves! Come on over tonight and we'll initiate 'em!"

Surprised and delighted, the two accepted and went on. William stopped short. Amazement, incredulity seized him. He took off the glasses and stared at them intently.

"I say, I don't believe in witchcraft, especially when my own father is responsible for it—but say, what are you anyhow?"

He resumed his walk. The spirit of adventure still swayed him. He felt moved to pucker up his lips and whistle, "For I Am a Pirate King," with all the true swing and bravado of Captain Kidd himself.

Just ahead, the Presbyterian Church stolidly occupied the corner. The incongruity of "Pirate King" and Presbyterian Church did not impress itself upon him. However, something else did! Miss Julia had just rounded the corner and was quite evidently smiling. But this time, by aid of his spectacles—and lately acquired optimism of mind—William observed the fact that, whereas she once smiled at him, now she smiled with him, apparently in sympathy with his light spirits.

Impulsively he turned and walked beside her. "I say, Miss J—ulia, it's a jolly old world after all!"

Julia smiled again. "And your whistling, William, makes it positively superb!"

William grinned contentedly. Forgotten were the dreaded "hot-cold" chills; his "over size" hands were in his pockets, and his restless feet were accurately keeping time to the still echoing strains of "Pirate King."

With a little laugh at his own senseless fears, he recounted to Julia the story of the magic spectacles, with a gay, vivid, touch that made her see clearly—oh, very clearly—many things. For instance, just why William had always hastened by her in the halls at school with a muttered 'Hello' or perhaps no greeting at all, and such a pitiful tale of the cruelties of his wife that he was forgiven. Indeed when I left the crown had already do- still had eternally gazed somberly at her from the safe distance of a room's length.

"But William!" she suddenly exclaimed. "Where are the spectacles now?"

William gasped and put his hand to his eyes. Then, sheepishly, he reached into his pocket and drew out the very mysterious glasses. "I—I—forgot to put 'em on again after I met Tom and John!" he stammered.

All of which goes to prove how exeremely powerful, indeed, were the spectacles, if they could exert their benefactory influence even from William's pocket.

Moreover, the same close observer, aforementioned, had he followed William as he escorted Julia home, might have doubted the incurableness of the bashfulness of William.

At the Road's End

ELIZABETH BLAKESLEE

Dusk was falling rapidly and we realized with a feeling of dread, yes even fear, that we would not be able to reach our destination before dark. The sunset of an hour ago, had conveyed to us its feeling of warmth and good cheer, but now, as night rapidly descended, this feeling had gradually given way to fear, a fear of the unknown mysteries that a night in the mountains always compels.

It grew darker. Our road had gradually become a narrow passage which wound around the steep side of the mountain. Really concerned, as we were deep in a strange country, we tried to turn around, but found that the passage was much too narrow.

An impending danger seemed to envelop us, due no doubt, to the dreariness of our surroundings. To the left of us rose a high cliff, barren and cold. Its pinnacle loomed up black against the darkened sky. At the foot of the cliff was the road and at the other side of this was a straight drop of several hundred feet, into the valley below. Ahead of us, the road suddenly disappeared around the cliff. Just where it went and what was at its end was an undesirable problem that must be solved.

To my uncle, who had, all his life, spent his time and wealth seeking new adventures, this was mere pleasure. But I must confess, I dreaded what might lie at the road's end. As our only course, however, was to keep on going, we put the car into full speed. Having made a new turn in the road, we came to a sudden standstill.

A few rods in front of us loomed up a dilapidated building. It was undoubtedly the home of a mountaineer, yet such a home! The house was rotted and had settled in an ungainly fashion. A broken fence ran around the yard, which was piled high with debris. At our approach the melancholy howl of a hound pierced the air, bringing to the door two of the inhabitants of the unkempt cottage.

They seemed pleased enough to see us. The man, whose name we afterward discovered was Mr. Twain, called to us in loud tones to come and "set up to a bite." Mrs. Twain, too, seemed pleased to have us there, and in her more timid manner invited us to share their house for the night.

The couple welcomed us cordially, when a few minutes later, we entered. When Mrs. Twain explained that her daughter would eat in the kitchen, we objected, saying that she should eat with us also. Mrs. Twain gave a peculiar glance at my uncle, but without further ado and in a softer tone than she customarily employed, called, "Eva!"

For a moment there was silence, then a faltering step was heard in the hall. Both my uncle and I leaned forward in anticipation. Just what we were expecting to see beyond the average mountain girl, I am not sure. Yet we both waited expectantly, waiting for what we knew not what.

The curtains were suddenly flung back and we sat transfixed. We beheld a girl in the youth of life, yet a girl with the face of an old woman.

RED CROWN
GASOLINE
29¢
WARD C. GEO. R. ED D.

Bent and misshapen, she stood before us a pitiful hunchback. It was her face however, that drew and held our attention. Her eyes were of a beautiful brown, but they had a hard expression, rarely seen. Her mouth was a thin relentless line, and the look she directed toward us was one of half-pain, half-rebellion.

She stared at us for a moment. Then with a pitiful air of helplessness, she shrugged her shoulders and disappeared. Mrs. Twain called to her several times but Eva would not return.

At the close of the meal, we were about to rise from the table, when the tones of a violin reached our ears. The music was at first low, but grew louder and assumed the time of a chant as we listened. The violin sobbed and moaned; it grew rebellious, and scattered care to the winds, but immediately came back again to its weird sadness.

The music held us entranced for we knew not how long. It seemed to play for the whole world to hear of the sadness of life, the bitterness of the soul and the helplessness of an individual. It conveyed to us its message of the cruelties and pain that a sensitive person had endured. As suddenly as it had begun, the music died away, and we were brought back to the realization of our unusual surroundings.

Mrs. Twain explained how Eva had always found an outlet for her feelings in the companionship of the old violin; how she had longed for training in music, that she might forget herself and her terrible affliction in the works of others.

* * * *

In New York today, one still hears of the marvelous magic of Eva Twain. Her playing is remembered only for its gladness and beauty. And yet—it was only the end of a road, only the out-pouring of the soul of a hunchbacked girl.

A Freshman's Lament

JOAN BELKNAP '21

A grave old senior sitting
With nothing to do but think,
A sheet of nice white paper,
An ink-well full of ink.

He folds his sheet of paper,
And slowly tears it up;
Then in a b-i-i-g br-r-own study,
He stuffs it in the cup.

The seniors may not have to work,
But gee! the freshmen do!
Sometimes they have to use that ink,
I leave it up to you.

It's not quite fair, now is it,
To have some senior gink,
Stuff up the wells with paper,
And soak up all the ink?

Sometimes we freshmen do it,
I know we don't have wings;
But when we're young and fresh and green,
You must expect such things.

"The Mummy Case"

TREVA MARIE HARRIS

A bright Arizona sun was casting its rays in between the tall pines that fringed the base of the San Francisco peak, near Flagstaff. The snow was rapidly disappearing from the mountain wherever the bright sun's rays fell, but in the more dense sections where the ground was partially shaded by the pines between the mountains, the rich buffalo grass was covered by a thick blanket of snow.

Back in the forest reserve of this section, where the pines were most numerous, a small camp fire was burning beneath a large spreading pine. The scene showed that camp had been made here over night.

The zig-zag trails in the snow around the vicinity of the fire indicated that the two horses, now staked near by, had been nosing the snow off and feeding during the night.

Two men, sitting on a heap of pine boughs covered with blankets, which had served as a bed, having enjoyed their after breakfast smoke, arose and made ready to break camp.

The elder, a man of perhaps forty, broad-shouldered and light-haired with grey eyes that seemed always ready to laugh, addressed his companion.

"Well, Billy, I spose we'd better be movin'!"

"Movin' it is then, George." The younger man's admiration for his typical western comrade shone in his keen dark eyes. "But I hope I may some time come back here in summer and see more of these grand mountains."

"Shore thing, kid, you must come up here in summer an' ride 'cross to the grand canyon. Some mighty fine sheep range between here and there."

"I'd like to, but can't figure much on the future, you know."

"Aw, ring off, kid if you can stand thet altitude in winter you'll shore make good on the health stuff; you shore gained flesh since we bin up here. Wild meat and pine fires, that's the stuff."

During this conversation the two men had been strapping on saddles and blankets and were now ready to mount. Two hours later the two horsemen might have been seen leaving the heavy pines and wending their way into the old Santa Fe trail, which led off toward Flagstaff. As they came in sight of the railroad, Billy's attention was attracted by the sound of heavy blasting and a large gang of men at work near the track.

"What are they doing over there, George?'

"Wal now, Billy, I'll tell you, thet's one of Johnson's grading camps. They started in to grade for another track over the divide about the time Bryan started to fix the ratio of 16 to 1, and I reckon as how they'll git done after Wilson gits to be king," he chuckled.

The men arrived in Flagstaff a little afternoon and took their horses to a corral.

"Hey Bill, let's hit the Chink for fried eggs and spuds. I feel as though I could eat about six bits worth of eggs."

"Same here. Do we stay here tonight, George?"

"Nothin' doin'. We'll pack south

'bout seven miles to a rear hotel. Ever hear of the 'Cliff Dwellers'?"

"Sure! That's fine! Didn't know we were near to the cliff dwellers' caves."

"We shore will camp thar tonight —and now Billy, le's see what the Chink has to offer."

After doing ample justice to the Chinese cooking, George sat in the sun smoking while Billy sauntered around the old town with its row of one story buildings facing the railroad.

When Billy returned he found that George had the horses saddled and bridled and was packing the saddle bags with a fresh supply of coffee, bacon and oatmeal. They immediately got into their saddle and started south. As they rode along slowly over the stony trail, George explained the different points of interest and finally they began to draw near the peculiar formation of rock around the caves of the ancient cliff dwellers. Billy was keenly interested in all he saw but not until they were finally camped in the great caverns did he realize the grandeur of the scenes about him. He studied the wonderful carvings of animals in the face of the cliff, asking his companion many questions concerning the strange race of people who had left them there.

"But George, how do people know they were a white race?"

"Shore now, thet's easy, the mummies thet was taken out of these caves were so well preserved thet they showed they was a white race. They shore put their dead away in fine shape, all wound around with strips of some sort of cloth. I saw some of 'em 'bout ten years ago. I happened to work for an outfit of doctors up here. The best specimen they ever got was a girl probably fourteen years old. She was so well put away you cuold tell the color of her hair, a lightish red, and she showed fine features, and the doctors said her skin had been white."

The two talked for some time until Billy began to nod and George remarked that it was about time to roll up and take a few winks, as they had a long ride ahead of them on the morrow.

"Yes, to Humbolt, you said. How far, George?"

"'Bout fifty miles. G'night Billy."

That night as Billy lay rolled up in his blankets gazing at the red coals of the smoldering fire, a fair-haired blue-eyed girl suddenly came toward him from out of the shadows. As she came nearer he saw that her skin was of the whiteness of a lily and that she moved with the grace of that flower swaying on its stalk. Who could she be? Oh yes, of course she was the mummy girl that George had been talking about. She came closer. Her lips moved but no sound came from them. He leaned nearer and watched her closely. Again her lips moved, "You're well Billy and strong; you have no excuse now." With a start he roused himself. What was the matter? Had he been dreaming? He had seen the mummy of the cliff dwellers—or—no, it was the face of Arlene, Arlene whom he had loved back in Boston. He had not spoken to her of his feeling then because of his ill health. And what was it the mummy girl—no—Arline had said? She had said, "You're well Billy."

Well? Rather! He pulled out his watch and was surprised to see that it was four o'clock.

"Hey George! Come on let's get a start for Humbolt. I've got to send a rush telegram to Boston, Mass., U. S. A."

THE JUNIOR CLASS

History of the Class of '21

CLARENCE KENNEDY

In our first year we not only studied our Latin and Algebra, which was enough, but also bought and sold thrift stamps and bonds, and made four minute speeches on war topics. Some of our teachers went to France, while others took up government work at home.

The class in that year had a freshman basketball team, made up of Krause, Gray, Kunz, Blakeslee and Guarnieri. Although they did not win the interclass meet, they won all the games played with teams of their own size. At the end of the year, most of the class stopped being green and became wise (?) sophomores.

Our second year was much broken into by the two 'flu' bans which closed school in all about eight weeks. These forced vacations made it hard to get down to work again. However, the majority finished with the customary good grades of this class. We had a party about the middle of the year in the gymnasium, which everyone thoroughly enjoyed.

At many of the meetings in the auditorium during our sophomore year, we had interesting speeches by our own returned soldiers. Each told of his particular experiences and view of the war, and in this way we saw the war from many different angles. The one event of the year which we will all remember was the planting of the trees in front of the building as a memorial to the soldiers of A. H. S. who did not return. We hope that these trees will grow and beautify our lawn and stand as a constant reminder of the sacrifice of those whose memories they recall.

At the first of the present year, we had a class meeting and elected the following oficers: President, Max Dowell; Vice President, Elizabeth Hubbard; Secretary, Almeda Eastman; Treasurer, Edward Krause.

Coach Thorpe is back this year with as many stories as usual. Speaking of him reminds us of the football team that we had this fall. It won the county championship, and of course, this was due to the Juniors on the team. We have had one class party this year besides the Junior-Senior party which is not long enough ago to be really considered history.

All Juniors firmly believe that the year 1921 will go down on the pages of history, along with 1066, 1492 and 1776, as the date of the graduation of the "superior" class from A. H. S.

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class History

MARY ELIZABETH SMITH

School opened in September after the first vacation in several years without a great war, and one hundred forty-five of us began to be truly sophomores. You should have seen us when we arrived. Some of us had grown so tall, and others so broad, that we scarcely knew each other. And the baggage we brought with us! Barrels and barrels of ambition, trunks lined with new ideas and crammed with interest, and suit cases bulging with athletic pride. The janitor has had kindling wood all winter from the boxes of good intentions that we brought with us when we came, and we are still unpacking a few.

The class was organized early in the year and gold and white chosen as the class colors. The following officers were elected: Theodore Carlisle, president; Joseph Knox, vice president; Wayne Frederick, secretary; Julius McElroy, treasurer. They arranged a very pleasant party for the class, which was held in the gymnasium on April 9.

Our activities this year aside from regular school work have been numerous and varied. Ethel White, Ellen Leighton, Doris Mullen, Annetta Lang, Florence Rushton and Bessie Anderson have been particularly interested in girls' athletics. In the boys' athletics, Al Guarnieri is the star of the sophomore class as well as one of the best athletes in the school. He has been elected captain of the basket ball team for next year. Kenneth Church is one of the best players on the first team in basketball. Roger Landmesser is to be manager of the football team next fall. Other men are: Lawrence Whitman, Olaf Pilkington, Julius McElroy and Herbert Kunz.

The sophomores have had a good representation in all the dramatic and musical affairs of the year and are numbered among the members of G. A. C. and the Glee Club.

As sophomores, we're on the job,
When folks are saucy, we raise hob,
But treat us lovely once or twice
And you will find we're pretty nice.

Our class is in the June of high school life. The skies are blue, the vistas enchanting, and breezes sing:

"O, who will come gathering flowers with me?
Away in the hills with the lark and the bee,
In the bright early morning when day's just begun,
And the buds are all opening their eyes to the sun.

The fields are all yellow; the light of the sun
Comes dancing along brimming over with fun.
The air seems alive with the buzz of the bee,
O, who will come gathering flowers with me?

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

JOHN WILLSEY

It is considered very unfortunate by the freshman class that they should be called upon to chronicle their misdeameanors or history (call it what you will); because, as a matter of fact, the freshman bump of self-conceit has ever been highly developed.

It was a great day when we entered Ashtabula High School. One of the first things we did was to violate the time-worn saying that, "Freshmen should be seen and not heard." We assembled in the chapel and our young voices rose lustily in the singing of the songs.

During the fall term, football claimed our attention. We supported the team by going to the games and giving the best we had in the way of rooting. The basketball season in turn ran its course. Both freshman teams did commendable work, promising good material for the teams of the future.

Some people, seniors especially, seem to think a freshman an object for criticism at all times. All we ask is a little consideration and time to be able to rectify our mistakes. The studious nature of the class was one of its greatest assets. This fact was shown in the decided interest taken in the work and by the size of the honor rolls at the end of each six week period.

It would be impracticable to try to show all of the creditable points of this class, as it would take too much time and space. I will, however, add, that our progress so far has been a source of great satisfaction to ourselves and we hope (for we always look on the bright side of things) to the faculty also. Really we are not conceited, but it is a traditional fact that no one will sing praises of the freshman except the freshmen themselves. This is human nature. Juniors and seniors are afraid of spoiling the future prospects of the freshmen, and sophomores do not appreciate the freshmen anyway.

Give us credit for our good qualities and be lenient toward our youthful capers, and as for us, well, we'll promise to do our best to improve and to extend the same consideration toward the freshmen who come after us.

Junior High Notes

They've asked me to write for the
Dart,
And I've told 'em to please have a
heart;
But they've kept at me still,
So I guess I will,—
How will this do for a start?

All classes of Junior High are keeping informed on topics of common interest through the use of current magazines in the classrooms.

Look out, fellows! Junior High has a basketball team now! The rest of you had better practice up a bit, for they're "some" players. The games they are to play are with Columbus Street, East Village, Windemere and Harbor Junior High.

Junior High was well represented both by students and teachers, in the pageant "The Light" given at the high school. Miss Mathers directed the Second Glimmer, "Tradition"; Miss Barnes the Seventh Glimmer, "The Book" Miss Newman the Eleventh Glimmer, entitled "Education's Dream." Many of the students took part in the seventh and also in the eleventh glimmers.

Study! Spell! so that you can beat your opponents! Interesting spelling matches are taking place between the boys and girls of Junior High. Each week a banner is awarded to the winners.

Preparations are now under way for the graduation of 1920. There are about one hundred sixty in the class this year. A good commencement program is assured. Everybody come!

——Marshall Sweet,
Junior High Editor.

Popular Periodicals

Popular Mechanics.....Roy Pearson
Elite .....Miss Orphal
Physical Culture ....Edward Krause
Ohio Farmer .....Roy Weaver
Smart Set .....Junior Girls
Snappy Stories .....Mr. Thorpe
Independent .....Betty Hubbard
Modern Priscilla .....Miss Botzum
Life .....Ward Cross
Little Folks .....The Freshmen
Country Gentleman ....Harry Castle
Century ..... Seniors
Woman's Home Companion.....
..... Amos Hall
American Boy ...Edmund Fitzgerald
Youth's Companion ...Vera Emmons
Vanity Fair ..... Irene Richter
Scientific American..Gordon Burwell
Literary Digest ...Lawrence Watrous
Photoplay .....Olive Smith
Film Fun .....Helen Momeyer
Pictorial Review .... Lillian Holmes
Democratic Standard .....Al Lewis
Cleveland News .....Arthur Spaeth
Judge .....Mr. Mitchell

Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y Club, an organization of boys from the junior and senior classes of the high school, has existed, with the exception of last year, for five years. This year has been spent largely in reorganization, and little time was left for work.

However, the club was able to stage a "Father and Son Banquet" at the Presbyterian Church on Thursday, February 18. The affair was a complete success. Forty "Dads" and an equal number of "Lads" were present. The speaker of the evening was John Thorpe, athletic coach at A. H. S.

Two members of the club with the leader, Mr. Rudy Abrecht, Boys' Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., attended the state camp at Aurora, Ohio, last August. Without doubt our club will send its full delegation again this summer.

The purpose of the Hi-Y Club is stated in its motto, "To create, maintain and extend high standards of Christian character."

Regular meetings are held at the Y. M. C. A. on Wednesday evenings at seven o'clock. Also, on Monday at the noontime intermission, members of the club meet at the high school to conduct a brief class in the study of the life of Christ. These discussions are very interesting and a pleasure to all who take part in them.

Membership in the club is limited to twenty-five. The requirements are membership in some church and membership in one of the two upper classes in Ashtabula High School.

—Ralph B. Sharer, '20.

The Debate Team

Our only debate this year was an interscholastic debate with South High of Youngstown. The question discussed was: "Resolved: That the State of Ohio should adopt a system of single tax based on rental values."

The debate was held March 19, in the auditorium with our team upholding the affirmative. The decision, made by Professor H. S. Woodward of Western Reserve, was in favor of the negative. This does not indicate, however, that a great deal of thought and preparation was not given the matter by our team, and we are very proud of the members of the team. The affirmative side of this question is the less popular.

The team was composed of Ruth Day, Robert Jenkins, and Harry Castle, with Paul Hillier as alternate, all of whom are seniors. The South High team was made up of George Morris, Marie Schofield, and Harold Bichler.

The debating team is greatly indebted to Mr. Downer for his splendid coaching.

—Elizabeth Hubbard.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC CLUB (See Page 61)

The High School Orchestra

The High School Orchestra of 1919-1920 was, as usual, organized in the fall by Miss Moore. Before the work was well under way however, Miss Moore was obliged to leave Ashtabula and there was a rather long interruption. The orchestra was then practically reorganized by Miss Wiecking, the new music supervisor. An effort has been made to eliminate the "jazz" music as much as possible. A great deal of attention has been centered on the Overture from William Tell and selections from The Bohemian Girl. It is expected that a concert will be given sometime in the spring as a part of an evening's entertainment.

The orchestra will play at Hartsgrove, May 6, and a business manager has been elected to arrange this trip.

The personnel:

Violins—

Berryl Brash
Amelia Crockett
Lucinda Rice
Sidney Russack
Tillie Mohilewsky
Joseph Coladangelo

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-THREE

Glee Club

Under the supervision of Miss Wiecking, our Glee Club has been reorganized. The members were chosen from the four classes of the high school and include the following:

Nadine Siebert
Pauline Kiester
Mildred Carlson
Winifred Parker
Ruth Day
Venus Dexter
Dorothy Brainard
Kathryn Morgan
Helen Guarnieri
Fannie Vetrano
Annette Hogan
Dorothy Luce
Vera Emmons
Katherine Loomis
Helen St. John
Mary Elizabeth Smith
Georgia Cox
Ruth Arlison
Helen Castle

Helen St. John has been elected leader and Pauline Kiester, librarian. Practice for Commencement and for Baccalaureate music is now under way.

—Winifred Parker.

THE FACULTY

Department Notes

English

Our English department is one of the most important of our school. Three years of this subject are required in every course; the junior year is elective except in the Commercial course.

Over four years of literary work have a number of things in common. The Literary Digest serves a two-fold purpose in Oral English. Not only does it furnish a basis for oral theme work, but it also keeps the students in touch with current news. Written themes are important and several are required each year.

Another feature of our English course, cultural to the students from a literary and moral point of view, is the reading of good books. In each of the four years, certain classics are intensively studied. Quotations from the best authors and poets are memorized. A limited amount of outside reading is done each year. Students are allowed to choose from a selected list, two books to read at home, and are afterward tested on the subject matter of each.

In addition to this work, each year has some definite thing which is emphasized particularly. In the first year the grammar rules are thoroughly reviewed; in the second special attention is given to mythology. In the third year a fuller course is offered. The study of English authors and their works is pursued. In the senior year we study American authors and their writings. We review figures of speech and try to make use of them in our work.

Business English is a special course, required of juniors in the commercial department. This work includes letter-writing, advertising and other business forms of common occurence.

The amount of benefit derived from the course is dependent upon the individual student, as ample opportunity is given for development in this work.

—Florence Smith.

Latin

Some say that Latin is a dead language. Well, that may be true as far as speaking it is concerned, but the Latin department in Ashtabula High School is quite alive. Join one of our Caesar classes and become acquainted with the methods of fighting of the old Romans. You'll have a chance to show your skill at building Roman bridges and army camps. And oh! How interesting you will find Cicero, when he convicts men of conspiracy and, in later years, is himself killed when he thrusts his head through the curtains of the chair in which he is escaping from rebels. But this is not all. When you are a senior wouldn't you like to read about the lovely snakes, toads, horses, and doves of Aeneas' time; to learn how to cause fair or stormy weather, to win a race or to understand the oracle? Wouldn't you like to know about the fall of Troy and the seven long years of wanderings before Italy could be reached? Undoubtedly many of you would find the love story of Dido and Aeneas very interesting.

Latin is also very interesting on account of the many English words derived from it. At the end of a four, or even two-year Latin course, one may find himself much better equipped to handle his own English language. So freshmen, get busy and enroll in this course and in the future have an easier and more enjoyable time in English.

—Lucinda Rice.

French

In the French department of the high school we are fortunate to have a teacher who has a degree from L'Alliance Francaise, in Paris, France. Under this fine instructor the students of the junior and senior classes are making rapid progress in speaking and reading the French language.

In the junior year "Le Chardenal" is studied. This takes up grammar and short compositions for original work. The second semester is devoted to the study of "Les Contes Divers" by Harvitt. This book contains short stories by some of the most famous French authors.

The first semester, the senior class takes up the study of advanced grammar and conversation. Dictation from "French Life" by Allen and Schoell is given. During the second semester a novel "L'Abbe Constantin" by Ludovic Halvey a dramatist and novelist is studied. The popularity of this book is due to the fact that several of the chief characters are Americans. This gives piquancy to the novel which it could not have if the author had taken his characters from his native land.

—Doris Wilcox.

Spanish

In the first year of Spanish the course is divided into the grammar, dictation, and writing compositions. This year, the work being completed, the class is studying the novel "El Pajaro Verde."

In the second year the course is even more interesting. Besides work in grammar and composition, some of the popular novels of the Spanish language are being studied, among them, "Amalia," an interesting and exciting story. Take Spanish!

—Arthur Spacth, '21.

Science

There was never a time before, in Ashtabula High School, when there were so many students studying advanced science. Especially is this true in regard to Physics.

Although chemistry is not a compulsory subject, the students realize that it is a valuable one. It has to do with the most common and simple things of life as well as the most complex chemical compound. One of the most interesting as well as one of the most important divisions is food chemistry. Who can say that this is not a very important item in our every day lives? If you want a course that is alive and not monotonous, one that is really worth studying—take chemistry.

In some of the courses, physics is a required subject. It is as desirable as chemistry, and in a way, a stepping stone to it, as it is a junior subject. There seems to be a tendency for the boys to like this course better than the girls do. Many of the things which appeal to the boys as practical do not

CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-THREE

Alumni Notes

The following are some of the former A. H. S. students who spent their spring vacations in Ashtabula:
Carolyn Pickard '19
Eva Reebel '17
Wade Jenkins '18
Harold Blakeslee '15
Mildred Swedenborg '19
Lucy Smith '19
Howard Warren '18
Ruth Landon '16
George Ducro '17
Howard Nazor '16
Charles Farrow '17
Thelma Swedenborg '18
Ileta Norris '19
Linda Belle McElroy '19
Theodore Carlisle '19
Walter Stewart '17
Harry Peck '18
Ruby Spring '18
Margaret Westfall '16
George Dewey '18
John Ducro '18
Dorothy Knowlton '19

Kathryn Holmes '19, was called home on account of the illness of her mother, from Barnes Hospital where she is training.

Ruth Pepple '19, recently visited Dorothy Knowlton and Linda Belle McElroy at Oberlin where they are attending college.

Genevra Ducro '18, spent her spring vacation with Cassie Bentley '17 in Boston.

Mac Burdg '19 and Paul Jerome '19 have returned from Pittsburgh, where they have been employed in the steel mills.

Ralph Culley '17 has resigned his position in Pittsburgh, and accepted one in Cleveland.

Graham Rigden '16 who is in the employ of the P. A. Grier Co., has been traveling in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee and Texas.

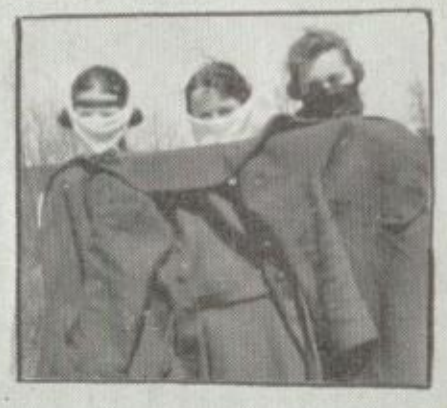
Ethel Quigley '17 and Carl Randel were united in marriage on February 19, 1920.

Cassie Bentley '17 has recently been honored by being chosen by the Dean at Emerson College, Boston, as president of the student council for nxet year.

Phebe Hubbard '17 expects to leave soon for California, where she will again take up her musical career.

The death of Clair Hughes '16, occurred in San Antonio, Texas, April 17, 1919.

A daughter, Marjorie Paine, was born April 12 to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Mitchell '12. Mrs. Mitchell was Miss Antoinette Paine '13.



EDITORIALS

After Graduation, What?

"Oh there are those of us that can, and those of us that can't; those of us that will and those that won't."

Can or will what? Why, go to college, of course! But to be serious, the seniors who will be able to attend college next year are mighty fortunate. Ashtabula High School is looking to you, who will attend the various higher institutions of learning next year, to uphold, within the walls of those colleges, her own high name, reputation and honor. She not only expects it, but also demands it. Indeed, she well deserves it, for has she not prepared you thoroughly for the life that you will now soon begin?

May you, college students of next year, remember that you have a debt to pay to A. H. S. May you, in the discharging of that debt, make the new-old discovery, that work faithfully done, becomes a deep pleasure. Good luck and all success to you!

And those of us who must remain at home? Oh! we have our work, too! Our education is not finished. It will still be going on in a fuller richer form, for as the old adage has it is not experience the very best teachers? So long as we do our part faithfully, to the best of our ability, it does not matter much where we are. Let's not be whiners, but let us, in the words of the poet:—

"Be strong!
We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,—
We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle, face it, 'tis God's gift.
Be strong!"

Modern Languages

Today is a day of advancement, advancement along social, political and commercial lines. The clearest thinking, the greatest inventions, are now in practice. Though our country, like all countries has made many mistakes, by profiting by these we have at last made ourselves the greatest and best country on this globe. Here we have at least reached a harmonious condition of living called Democracy, that is the pride of every city of our country.

But is this our goal? That our country is democratic, is that sufficient? Is it not out duty to make the whole world a democracy, a world free from petty misunderstandings that ultimately result in unlimited cruelties?

Can it be done? It must be done! And how? On the same plan that tri-

vial disturbances are settled by the true understanding of the problem.

To sympathize and have a complete understanding with our neighboring countries we must be able to know their thoughts and their dreams, their fears, their problems, their hopes and their ambitions. But how can we know their thoughts and their ambitions if we do not know their language?

We must learn their language! We must provide ourselves with the key to their problems. By learning their language we can make ourselves familiar with the beauty and picturesqueness of France. We would be introduced to Sunny Italy and find pleasures in its joy. Similarly we could learn to love the impetuous Spaniard and sympathize with the despised German.

We have the power to make a democracy of the world. We have the power of ennobling ourselves and our country by practicing the noble deeds of others. There is but one way we can do this, and that is by making ourselves familiar with other countries and other people, through their own language.

"The Light"

"The Light" was given by the Ashtabula Public Schools, at three performances, on April 22 and 23. The purpose of this pageant was to arouse interest in the new issue of school bonds, and in education in general. The pageant consisted of eleven "Glimmers," each of which depicted some condition in the history of education. Each one was prepared individually, by a teacher and her pupil.

The part taken by the high school consisted of the fourth, fifth and sixth glimmers. The fourth, "Training," was performed by the high school girls under the direction of Miss Eichhorn; the fifth, "Discipline," by the boys under Mr. Thorpe's direction. The sixth glimmer entitled, "A First Lesson in Democracy," was in charge of Miss Orphal. It was an elaborate scene of feudalistic days, in which the following students participated: Venus Dexter, Helen St. John, Homer Blakeslee, Ford Carlisle and Robert Jenkins. Other members of the high school took part in the last scene, "Education's Dream."

After each glimmer, Education, Ruth Day, and Any City, Max Dowell, gave the explanation and application of the scene which had just been enacted.

The pageant as a whole was under the direction of Miss Ellis. Music was furnished by the high school orchestra, under the direction of Miss Wiecking.

Here lies a "prof."
Once he gave us an A,
He died when the school board
Raised his pay.

Football

The members of the football team of 1919 deserves much credit for the fine spirit which they displayed as well as for the winning of the banner. Much credit is due also to Coach Thorpe for his excellent work in training the team. It is hoped that Ashtabula will turn out just as good a team next fall as she did this year. This can be an assured fact if the fellows and the students will be loyal to the school and the coach.

The vacancies left by those who are graduating this spring will be filled by competent men who will keep up the good work of the former players. Those who are now wearing the "A" are: Captain Farrell, Palmer, captain for 1920, Jenkins, Cross, Hall, Powell, Kunz, Krause, Castle, Guarnieri, Johnston, McElroy, Bottorf and Landmesser.

Ashtabula, in the ten games she played this season, scored 210 points to her opponents' 32. This is a very good record.

Boys' Basketball

Ashtabula played a very hard season in this sport but failed to come out on top, although she showed some good schools how to play basketball. Our strongest opponents were Shaw High of Cleveland and Academy High of Erie, but they showed themselves weaker than we had expected. The fellows showed fight through all the games, even when they were being beaten and this is a mighty fine spirit.

It is fortunate for A. H. S. that only two or three men will be lost this year. If what the coach predicts comes true. then the basketball team next year ought to show up very well. "Players may come, and players may go, but the team goes on forever." This surely is true, and with the material available in A. H. S. there is no cause for worry over any possibility of not having a good team next fall. Those who will be missed are Jenkins, center, Hall, guard, Cheney, and Farrell, all of whom have been working hard all of this season.

Girls' Basketball

The record of the Girls' Basketball Team is an unusual one; two championships and only one defeat in two years. All of the following members of the team will graduate this spring, each with a black sweater given by the Athletic Association, and an "A" for each year she has played on the regular team.

Agnes Quigley, captain and jumping center. The teamwork that she and Ruth have pulled off was just "sompthin' wonderful." Agnes was sub on the varsity team during her first two years and in her junior and senior years played jumping center.

Ruth Metcalf, running center. Have you been at a girls' game and heard the common saying, "she plays like a streak of lightning?" That describes Ruth perfectly. For three years she has played running center on the team besides having been sub on it in her freshman year.

Doris Wilcox, manager and right forward. The name "Doris" is all that

need be said and immediately the first thing you think is "a sure shot." For three years she has played right forward and has made a wonderful record in basket shooting.

Louise Lyons, left forward. "She's just where you want her, just when you want her." How many times a game each member of the team has said that after throwing the ball to Louise, who was always "right there"! Her teamwork with the two centers and other forward was incomparable. She has played the same position for two years on the varsity team, after subbing on it in her sophomore year.

Kathleen Bentley, right guard. "Nuf sed"! Everyone knows that Kathleen surely could play basketball. She has played right guard on the team three years. In the past two years, only two baskets have been made by the forward whom she was guarding.

Lillian Burton, left guard. Have you ever been asked by the stranger who stood beside you,—"Who is that game little girl that's always smiling?" Lillian is the smallest player on the team but she has spunk enough for a girl twice her size! She was sub on the team last year.

The work of the subs, Ethel White, Ellen Leighton and Dorotha Grover also deserves mention. Being a "sub" is not very enjoyable and these three deserve credit for their loyalty and their faithfulness in coming out to practice.

Girls' Gymnasium

The Girls' Gymnasium classes during the year have had gymnastics, folk dancing and games. There are classes every afternoon of the week, all four periods. On Monday afternoon there is a special class for Indian clubs on Friday, one for games.

The gymnastics include calisthenics, marching tactics, wand work, dumb bell work and Indian club work. These are mixed in with the other work so that there is a variety and the work does not become monotonous.

The folk dancing consists of the dances of different countries. Some that Miss Eichhorn has taught are English, Swedish and Dutch dances.

For the most important games, the girls have volley ball in the fall, basket ball during the winter months, and indoor baseball in the spring. Also so many games such as prisoner's base and stealing sticks are played.

Sometime before school closes, we expect to have a girl's interclass track meet. This will consist of races, jumping, ball throwing and many many other events which always occur at track meets.

In the latter part of May, there is to be a Spring Exhibition. All the classes will take part, each demonstrating its special line of work.

—Louise Lyons.

G. A. C.

For the last four years all the girls in A. H. S. who like to hike 'n hike 'n hike—to the emolument of the shoe shine parlor—have joined the G. A. C. or Girls' Athletic Club. The club was organized in 1917, to promote outdoor activities. In fact, prospective members are forced to lead a rather strenuous life out of doors in order to gain the points necessary for entrance. Gymnasium work, hiking, bicycle and horseback riding, all count for points.

All but two of the present twenty-five members will be graduated from Ashtabula High School this year. However, over twenty freshmen, sophomores and juniors are waiting, in fear and trembling, for their initiation into the G. A. C., so that the club will in all probability, be carried on with fresh life next year.

Here's to G. A. C.! May she always prosper!

—Ruth Metcalf.

G. A. C. Party

The members of the G. A. C. had a most enjoyable party at the high school, on the evening of April 28, at which time twenty-eight new members were initiated into the organization. The activities of the evening were in charge of the president, Kathleen Bentley, and the program was snappy from the word "go." Each old member was responsible for two new girls during the initiaton proceedings, and in most cases, the work was very thoroughly done. Those who were initiated discovered that there were many new steps which they never had known existed.

The variety of stunts and the spirit with which everyone entered into the affair, made the evening very enjoyable to all who were there. After the new members had been put through their exercises, refreshments were served in the lunch room. The "eats" committee had planned just as skillfully as the program committee, and the result was most satisfactory.

Baseball

Ashtabula High School ought to have a good team this year in baseball, judging by the turn out for the first practice. This sport does not usually receive as much support from the student body as some of the other branches of athletics, but it should as it is just as interesting as football or basketball. The boys held a meeting and elected "Sass" Farrell captain of the team. He surely is the right man for the place. There are several vacancies on the team up to date but there is no doubt they will be filled before the season is very far along. There is no reason why there should not be a banner awarded to the team this spring as well as in former years.

The schedule for this season is as follows:

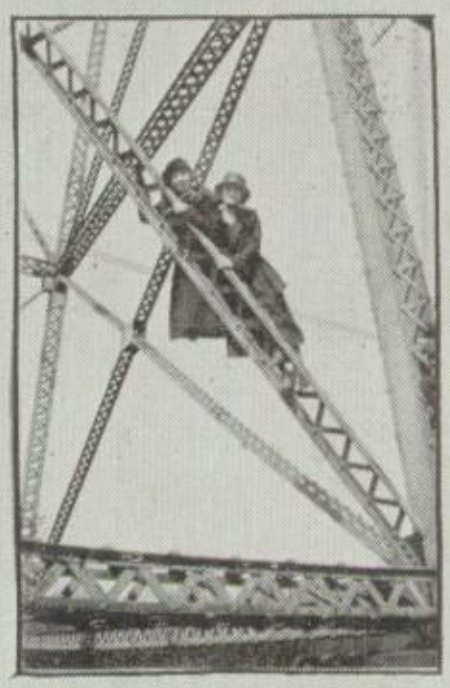
April 17 .....Ashtabula at Jefferson
April 24 .....Open
May 1 .....Geneva at Ashtabula
May 8 .....Ashtabula at Conneaut
May 15 ....Austinburg at Ashtabula
May 22 .....Open
May 30 .....Harbor at Ashtabula

Bob—"You look sweet enough to eat."

Nadine—"I do eat. Where shall we go "

Mary E. S. (poetically)—"See, Ed, the moonshine's still."

Red P. (excitedly)—"Where?"



Department Notes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO

interest the girls at all. There are several subdivisions of this subject such as mechanics, electricity, sound, and light. The present class is studying the last topic, light.

If you intend to take chemistry in your senior year, the physics course is going to prepare you for it. If you do do not expect to take chemistry, then it is all the more necessary that you get the most you can out of physics. This course is all that you want to make it.

—Herbert E. Harmon.

Commercial

There will be about twenty-five students of the graduating class this year who will be prepared to climb to success in the business world. A few undoubtedly will take up the work of the salesmen and the rest of the number will perhaps choose equally between stenography and bookkeeping.

The seniors' work along commercial lines consists only of shorthand, typewriting, salesmanship and bookkeeping. The work in salesmanship deserves special mention. This subject was started here last year very enthusiastically and the classes have been growing both in size and importance since. It is unfortunately an elective subject.

Shorthand has been well taken hold of this year, everyone having made an effort to reach the required speed of one hundred words per minute. The goal for typewriting has been increased ten words over previous years, making the desired rate fifty-five words per minute.

Business men who employ graduates of '20 may feel confident that they have secured the services of well trained office help.

—Mildred Bottorf '20

High School Orchestra

CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT

John Puzenski
Andrew Sodergren
Gerald O'Brien
Raymond Ticknor
Edward Hoadley
Thomas Shiya

Cello—
Lorene Crockett

Saxophone—
Max Dowell

Clarinet—
Gordon Burwell

Mando-cello—
George Raser

Trombones—
Herbert Harmon
Clarence Kennedy

Banjo-Mandolin—
Clifford Smith

Drums—
Wesley Ticknor

Piano—
Elizabeth Hubbard

—Elizabeth Hubbard.

An English Teacher—"Edmund, give me an example of Irony, a common one."

Edmund—"Think you're smart, don't you?"

Nick—"Why do the leaves of this book stay together?"

Joe F.—"0h, they're bound to."

Polite one—"May I help you to alight, madam?"

Madam—"No thanks, I don't smoke."

Summer Goods

You will find our store is full of Athletic Goods for Summer Exercise

We carry a full line of

D. & M. Baseball Goods
Wright & Ditson Bathing Suits
And many others

No matter what sport you may choose, we can supply you with the necessary equipment.

For picnics we have Lunch Baskets, Out-Door Grates, Thermos Bottles and Victrolas. A Victrola will add more "pep" to a picnic than any known article. They are ideal for all outings and camping parties. Convenient sizes for outings are $25.00 and $35.00.

Why not come in soon?

The Mitchell Hardware Co.

Summer is Here

So is our line of

Summer Furniture

You can be as cool and comfortable at your own home as at a summer resort IF you equip your porch with

Aerolux Porch Shades
Deltox Grass Rugs
Kaltex Fiber Furniture
Perfection Couch Hammocks

Also, a "Cold Storage" Refrigerator will aid in keeping the home cool and comfortable

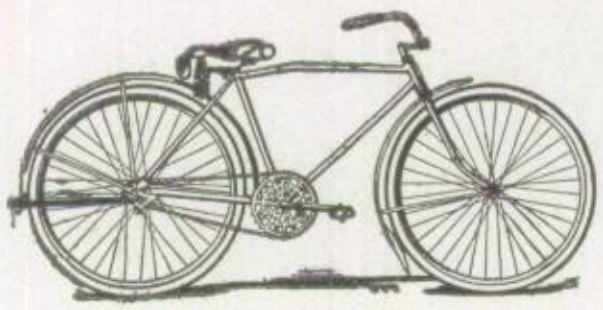
John Ducro's Sons
FURNITURE --- UNDERTAKING
ESTABLISHED 1860

The Porch Adds More Home to the House

Clothes Satisfaction

If you are particular about your clothes, we want your trade. If you are not, go somewhere else, as we are very particular how our customers are dressed.

MITCHELL'S
Men's clothes shop
MAIN STREET ASHTABULA, OHIO



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TINTS and tones of summer—
indescribable in their beauty
—most unusual in their design
—are the voiles and organdies
shown by

The John Brash Co.
173-175 MAIN STREET

Thank You

Our old friends are talking about us; for new faces are being seen in the store every day.

Unquestionably they like a store with a broad, open and above-board policy.

And liking it, they are not backward in referring and bringing their friends here with them.

Although we may not be able to thank you personally for these acts of courtesy, we appreciate them very deeply.

Thank You!—Call Again!

The Carlisle Co.

¶ The negative you have finished is filed at the studio and one or more pictures may be had at any time.

Vinton N. Herron

40 Center Street

Quality *Service*

For Quality Ice Cream and Candies

The Majestic Chocolate Shoppe

Ice Cream in Bricks or Bulk

Dainty Luncheons at all Hours

We Cater to Parties
Deliveries Made

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MIKADO COFFEE

Is a strictly high grade "real" Coffee. It has a mild, rich flavor that cannot be beaten. It is unmatchable at anywhere near the price we ask for it. We are exclusive agents for this "Fancy Coffee".

WE ALSO CARRY

the following "High Grade Brands" in stock: Chase — Sanborn's Seal Brand, Barrington Hall, Farrington's Castle Brand, White House, Edward's Mervue, C.-W. Brand, Etc.

ORANGE PEKOE TEA

Fancy Oolong, English Breakfast, Gun Powder, Ceylon and India, Fancy Green Teas, Basket Fired Japan.

Buy your eatables at the "Quality Store."

CARPENTER'S

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The D. L. Davis Co.

Universally acknowledged to be the Leading Store in Ashtabula

For Ladies' Ready to Wear Garments

Here is where you find the brands of Garments you read about. Is the best any too good? Or is second best good enough? That is for you to decide

---

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We sure will please you in style, quality and price.

Let us assist you in appearing at your best.

Your appearance reflects your judgment in Clothes.

The Globe Clothiers

To the Girl Graduate,
Greetings:

When you want to look your prettiest on the momentous occasion—

When you wish to feel assured that you look just right—

Come to—

Saul's

"CORRECT DRESS" FOR WOMEN AND MISSES

235 MAIN STREET ASHTABULA, O.

This Advertisement
by Marshall Sweet
Editor, Junior Hi.

We have it, boys!

What is it?

Candy, Ice Cream

or Kisses

Ashtabula
Sugar
Bowl

Where do the young men go
So they will not look slow?
Just before any big hop
Why—to the

LITTLE GEM BARBER SHOP
Dan Williams, Prop.

141½ Main Street

Boys'
Departm'nt
New Annex
50 Park St.

YMCA

Men and
Young Men
52 Park St.

Join One of Our Classes and Train for Service

"CHARACTER BUILDERS"

R. J. SWEET

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and....

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57 Center St. **J. A. KAIN** 28 Elm St.

Victor Victrolas

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BARTHOLOMEW'S

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It is to our interest and success to carefully finish each picture you take, so be sure that your next film is left with one of our agents. Agents in all parts of the city. Special attention to mail orders. Prompt service.

THE WILKES DARK ROOMS

211½ MAIN STREET

The....

Peoples Building & Loan Co.

Organized 1890

Assets $3,960,410.81

5 per cent on Savings Accounts

Loans Made on Real Estate at 6 per cent

P. H. FASSETT

Commercial Printing
Special Ruling
Book Binding
Office Supplies

158 Main Street
Ashtabula, O.

For a good hour's recreation, don't forget the MAJESTIC and CASTO THEATRES. We are showing only the highest class pictures, such as Paramount, Artcraft, Fox, Metro, Goldwyn and Select.

KEEP COOL

NICE COOL AND REFRESHING DRINKS AND SUNDAES, LIGHT LUNCHES. INDIVIDUAL FAN SERVICE AT EACH BOOTH. FRESH FRUIT IN SEASON.

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"Say It With Flowers"

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CEMENT BLOCKS

BUILDERS'
SUPPLIES

COAL
97 PARK STREET

Young Mens' Suits

Our spring models in Young Men's Suits have a smartness dash and vim about them that is very pleasing to smart dressers. Every little kink and curve has a meaning all its own.

We are showing some very stunning new fabrics and colorings. Exclusive styles.

The place to save money on good shoes. Emerson Shoes for good dressers.

R. R. RUSSACK & CO.

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Everything Electrical

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Pathé Phonographs

Superior Electric Co. 190 Main Street

KAHIL SHIYA

LADIES' DRY GOODS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS

46 DEPOT STREET

ALL BRANCHES OF

INSURANCE

"EVERSHARP"

Is the name applied to a pencil.

The pencil is well named, for it is all that its name implies.

An Eversharp would be an appreciated graduation gift.

We sell them.

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Main Street—Opposite Center

Guaranteed Low Cost Life Insurance

The governing factors in selecting a Life Insurance Policy should be:

First, the amount of insurance to be paid by the Company.

Second, the premium to be paid by the Insured to the Company.

Both should be definite. The cost, value and result should be known at the date the policy is taken out.

A third consideration is the value returnable in event the insured is not able to fulfill the contract by the continued paymcnt of premiums.

The more complete and simple the insurance, the better it will serve its purpose; and the cheaper it is with due regard to absolute safety, the greater the amount the insured will be able to carry.

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Use Fisk Tires. They give you more miles, better satisfaction.

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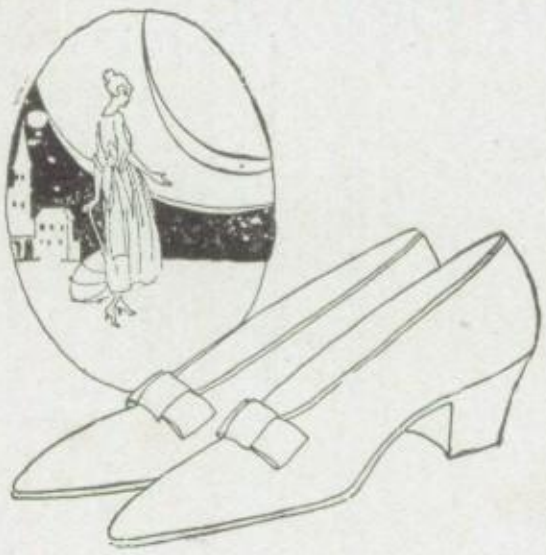

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Capital $150,000.00

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